

CHRISTIAN REFLECTOR.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

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THE COMMUNICATION FROM REV. RICHARD FULLER.

We published last week a communication from the Rev. Richard Fuller, of South Carolina, called out by some remarks we had previously made, with reference to a letter from him in the *Charleston Courier*. In our notice of this communication we promised to refer to it again; to review its important points, and, particularly, to consider the question first proposed—Is slavery a moral evil?—Mr. Fuller's intimation in the letter which first appeared in the *Courier*, that the consciences of those who write and preach against slavery are little less than "bundles of passions tied together," led us to suggest that the *defenders* of slavery, who had a *pecuniary interest* in its perpetuity, were quite as likely to have this kind of conscience— to be swayed by passion and self-interest, as the people of the North. Mr. Fuller admits that self-interest influences the judgment, but says it is a mistake that we at the North may not be swayed by prejudice even more strong. He says that other influences, than pecuniary, far more powerful and dangerous, are at this moment disturbing the elements of society. On this point we shall not dispute him. We only maintain, that whatever influences operate at the North to bias men's judgments or pervert their consciences, such as the fanaticism of a wild and heated imagination; a want of independence in pastors who suffer themselves to be cowed by one or two testy members; the lust of popularity; demagogic propensities and habits; above all, (and in multitudes superior to such views) indignation at some real, and more fictitious evils,—we maintain that these and kindred influences are just as liable to operate in the South as in the North. If it requires no little nobleness in a Northern man to view the subject now agitating the country with calmness, it certainly requires as much in a Southern man, who has a natural temperament equally warm, and with a personal interest, a fraternal sympathy, and what some one has termed, "a birth-place pride," that combine to influence his decisions and course of action with reference to this great subject. Our Southern brethren, we know very well, have received some erroneous impressions; many of the evils of abolition are fictitious; the pastors are rarely if ever "cowed by one or two testy members;" the fact more generally is, that the pastors are convinced of the moral evil of slavery, and would like to preach against it; but some are prevented from doing so by the circumstance, that there are in their congregations a few persons who have relatives in the South, or business connections there, which render them exceedingly sensitive to any thing touching the subject. The pastor's dependence, and fear of unhappy excitement, keep him still. This fact is to be regretted, but not to be denied. We believe there would be but one feeling in New England and New York, on the subject of slavery, were it not for the social ties and the business relations, that attach so many of the slaveholding interest in the South. And if these ties and relations are so powerful here, it is to be supposed that they do not effect the public sentiment there? He must be a noble soul indeed, and an independent thinker too, who, having been born in South Carolina, and by the ties of consanguinity attached to owners of property in man and himself to this kind of property—notwithstanding, yields to a conviction that he ought to give it up—that slavery is a sin. But we are contented to let this point rest. We presume, from the kind manner in which Mr. F. addresses us, that he will never attribute our views to "a bundle of passions," instead of a *bona fide* conscience; and we will give him the credit of a sound mind and sincere desire to know and obey the truth. It is his opinion that "if cool and candid men from different parts of our country could examine this subject and exchange their views there would not be in our churches that distempered violence which has been displayed on each side; nor indeed that diversity of sentiment which now exists."—We are gratified with the expression of this sentiment from a Southern man; and are induced by it to hope that our own column will be made the medium of such an exchange of views.

We now pass to a brief notice of Mr. Fuller's strictures on our former article.

1. We did not, in that article, maintain that slavery was, in all points, such an evil as the slave-trade. Still, those very wrongs which render the traffic so odious, give character to the system by which slaves are held after they are made. It is a dreadful thing "to wrench them from their homes and parents" in Africa, it is a dreadful thing to separate husbands and wives, parents and children, as they are separated, at all the slave markets in the United States. The domestic affections are stronger here than in heathen Africa, where there is less of mental and moral cultivation, and consequently the pain produced by these forcible separations here is greater. We say, then, that the very reasons why Mr. F. rejoices over the abolition of the slave-trade, should induce him to labor for the abolition of slavery—not that his labors to make his slaves happy and pious are the same as wrenching them from their homes,—those labors are no part of slavery—but that the simple fact that Mr. F. holds these human beings as property exposes them, on his decease, or, at any rate, their descendants, to be likewise separated from their homes and parents, and doomed to suffer, during their whole lives, what Mr. Fuller terms, "the abuse of slavery"—what we term, its legitimate results.

2. We said, "slavery is itself the moral wrong, on its introduction would have been right." Mr. F. says, "Let us see. The introduction of what is not a moral wrong is right; therefore the introduction of poverty and disease is right."—In this logical reply, Mr. F. denies that slavery has any moral character. We were speaking of slavery as a system that is either good or evil—right or wrong; and in this view, to introduce it is wrong, because it is the introduction, not of poverty and suffering, simply, but of moral evil. To give *perpetuity* to this evil, is equally wrong. But again, allowing that the introduction of slavery was only the introduction of physical evil—of calamity—by Mr. F.'s own admission, the calamity still exists. Now to sustain a system that is constantly producing physical evil is morally wrong; therefore slaveholding is morally wrong, call slavery what you will. Whether our logic be lame or not, we do not comprehend that which makes the introduction of an evil a

mortal wrong, and the perpetuation of it, right. The rom-seller has created the inebriate's burning thirst and inability to take care of himself. He has done a great wrong. Another man has supplied alcoholic drinks to gratify that thirst and continue that inability. But he is doing no wrong. The sin lay only in the introduction of the evil. Is this good logic?

The last criticism of Mr. F. grows entirely out of his opinion that the abolition of slavery would involve both master and slave in greater calamities than those in which they are now involved. Slavery is calamity, but its abolition would bring it with great calamities. This is a point of no little moment, and the view which Mr. F. takes of it has evidently a predominating influence over him, in his treatment of this whole subject. The question of the moral wrong of slavery he evidently decides on this ground; that both masters and slaves would be injured by the emancipation of the latter. But this is doubtful ground. Mr. F. does not know this. He thinks so, and adds a note from the *Parliament Papers* of 1842, which is, that in the West Indies the emancipated negroes will not labor for wages, and the British Government is compelled to import Africans to prevent the utter ruin of the colonies."—If this be undoubted testimony, it is not all that we have. Mr. Phillips, a Baptist minister, who has lived on the islands for twenty years, says, in 1843, "However just the charge of indolence and improvidence was formerly brought against the peasantry, it is now no longer of general application. The term indolent can only be applied to the black population in the absence of remunerating employment." We cannot believe that Mr. F. has read the work of Mr. Phillips. It abounds in testimony of the most satisfactory kind. The editor of the *Jamaica Morning Chronicle*, a high authority so lately as the 17th of February, 1843, says: "Except as to the want of more laborers, we have no complaints; and whether regarded socially or politically, the state of Jamaica at present is as favorable as could be desired by the ardent lover of peace and quiet." The British Secretary for the Colonies made the following report in the House of Commons on the 22d of March, 1844; and his authority is chiefly that of Sir Charles Metcalfe, governor of Jamaica.

The present condition of the peasantry in Jamaica is very striking. He did not suppose that any peasantry had so many comforts, or so much independence. Their behavior was unbecoming, and in some respects, cheerful. They were found to attend divine service in good clothes, many of them riding on horses. They sent their children to school, and paid for their schooling, and not only attended the churches of their different communities, but subscribed for their respective churches. Their piety was remarkable; and he was happy to add, that in some respects they deserved what the *black* had. They were very well ordered and free from crime, had much improved their habits, and were constant in their attendance on divine worship themselves, and in the attendance of their children, and were willing to pay the expenses.

This does not look much like "moral and physical injury to the emancipated slave," whatever may have been the state of the colonies. But we have another testimony, too, as a Christian man should admit, reading as it does, where the Christian looks beyond mere pecuniary considerations or temporary advantage. It is from the pen of the finest writer and one of the first statesmen of England, and is to be found in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, in a masterly article entitled "The Good Men of Clapham." Among the characters delineated is that of Zachary Macaulay, a statesman who devoted his best energies to the cause of emancipation. The writer says:

"The author of this portrait enjoyed the happiness denied to the subject of it, not merely of witnessing, but of largely participating in the last great act by which his labors, during the evil reigns, and with the too glowing anticipations of former times, he has been able to contrast the actual solution of this great practical enigma. He has lived to witness eleven years of uninterrupted tranquility throughout countries, where before a single year disturbed the existence of *feudal* irreconcilable distinctions full of danger in former times, and the darkness entirely disappeared. So, if I mistake not the signs of the times, there is now indicated over our Southern horizon the incipient manifestation of coming brightness. I have loved to watch the rolling away of some clouds of darkness,—the raying forth of some beams of light. And though we may have to wait still much longer than will be comfortable to our impatient spirits for the unclouded day, still I cannot doubt, that to the eyes of the young, the ardent, and impulsive, as well as to our waning vision, it may be both profitable and welcome to gather up the proofs of that progress, tardy though it may be."

He introduced his lame by alluding to the property of his discussion upon the soil of a State where religious freedom has been established and maintained in its purity and power, and before the Alumni of a University, none of whose sons have ever proved recreant to the great truth. He spoke of the errors yet prevailing upon the subject, and pointed out to the historian the sources of information, from which could be drawn an account of the progress of the cause of emancipation, and the various forms of religion. He refuted the specious but uncandid statements of Hume, Gibbon and Voltaire, that Paganism was more tolerant than Christianity. He sketched with graphic power the history of Roman Catholic persecution, did full justice to the errors and virtues of the great reformers, and gave an elaborate account of the great apathy of religious freedom. The discourse evinced great research and discrimination, and throughout a catholic and liberal spirit."

The only criticism we hear on the performance was, that but a small portion of the audience were able to hear it.

THE ALUMNI DINNER.

Immediately after Mr. Hunter's oration, the Alumni dinner was served in Commons Hall.

The Hon. Tristam Burgess, President of the Alumni Association, presided. A large number of Alumni were present, and the festivities passed off to the gratification of all present.

Speeches and sentiments were delivered in brilliant succession by the President, John Howland, Thomas M. Burgess, Mayor of the city, Gen. Tallmadge, of New York, Mr. Colby, of New Bedford, Professor Gammell, Rev. Mr. Hall, Professor Caswell, Rev. Mr. Osgood, and others.—The following song was sung to the tune of *Auld Lang Syne*:

As glow the brights of ancient Greek,
And swell the heart with pride,
Who first the stadium gazed,
With first his strength he tried;

So glow our breasts, so swell our hearts,
As o'er those scenes we tread;

Where, in learning's pleasant chase,
Our first *Olympic* song;

The Greeks, 'tis true, could call to mind
Struggles hard and long;

With patience born, ere he obtained
The need of Binder's song;

While we, through memory's vista see
Our sluggish limb reclined;

On pastore, tugging with their might,
Yet still the goal behind;

But we have learned, since first we left
The mortal stadium's bound;

That in the serious game of life,
No substitutes are found;

There, none with borrowed feathers decked,

The lists may enter, and

And they who venture on the race,

Must "foot it" would they win;

Then let those gathering to our hearts
Like bright soars,

To cheer us o'er the waste that bounds
Eternity's broad sea;

Till standing on the shore, we hear
The mighty waves roll;

And time's last second shall complete
The Olympiad of the soul.

DR. SPRAGUE'S ADDRESS.

In the afternoon the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, delivered the discourse before the Philanthropic and United Brothers' Societies. His theme was "The relations and obligations of the present to the past." The oration was long—too long for the occasion, but instructive, eloquent, and well pronounced. The orator enumerated the various acquisitions in science, literature, arts, philosophy and religion, which the past has treasured up and handed down to us, and then proceeded to notice two errors prevailing at the present time—on the one hand, an undue reverence, inducing superstition, and on the other, a disregard of the honors of antiquity, born of vanity and fanaticism. He then dwelt upon the true value of the past, as a means of culture and a guide to right conduct. He concluded by eloquently urging upon the young men whom he addressed, as guardians of

and Stars, on Thursday evening. Very efficient and exceedingly interesting prayer-meetings were held both on Wednesday and Thursday mornings. The power of the Spirit was present, greatly to bless. On Wednesday forenoon, after the reading of the letters from the churches, the time—about an hour and a half—was devoted to religious conference and prayer. This session was most precious and joyful. On learning, at this time, of the deplorable situation of our good brother Bachelor, missionary to the Aroostook, a collection of over \$20 was promptly taken up to aid in furnishing him with a horse. In the evening of this day, was held the anniversary of the Foreign Missionary Society. The drift of the discourse, by Mr. Ricker, was the importance of more efficient and systematic liberality in behalf of the cause, and such active responsibility, on the part of the pastors, as to dispense with paid agents. It was agreed to make an effort to raise \$500 for the missionary board.

There is, too, a shorter and more potent argument in favor of removing these obnoxious laws, which never fails to be conclusive with Christians. The great Legislator of the universe has enacted and published the universal law, *SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES*. When any of the little puny legislators of earth venture to contravene this, and say to any of the human family, "you shall not search them"—shall not be taught to peruse the inspired and perfect guide given to mankind; what is it but rebellion against the divine authority, and treason foul and dark against the most cherished and loved and most dear of the human family? How soon it may be practicable to reform all this vicious legislation, I will not undertake to predict. *RE CHRISTIANS* and genuine philanthropists are not a majority of the voters, I fear, either North or South; and they have long allowed their better aspirations to be repressed by the hopelessness of their success. Some of them, I know, are now determined to put forth an earnest and united endeavor. Let every friend of liberty and religion, of God and man, cheer them on in their efforts. Above all, let us ask for them and for ourselves that wisdom which cometh from above.

A. E. C.

A PASTOR.

MONTHLY LETTERS ON THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

NUMBER TWO, FOR SEPTEMBER.

I remember when a boy, that I recollect to a long, uncomfortable storm. On the mountains, opposite my birth-place, the clouds and dense masses of fog, which had laid down closely for a considerable time, would begin to roll up the mountain's side, and dividing to the right and left, would let in the glorious sun; but in struggling in rays of pencil brightness; and then in broader and broader beams, until at length the whole scene became illumined, and the darkness entirely disappeared. So, if I mistake not the signs of the times, there is now indicated over our Southern horizon the incipient manifestation of coming brightness. I have loved to watch the rolling away of some clouds of darkness,—the raying forth of some beams of light. And though we may have to wait still much longer than will be comfortable to our impatient spirits for the unclouded day, still I cannot doubt, that to the eyes of the young, the ardent, and impulsive, as well as to our waning vision, it may be both profitable and welcome to gather up the proofs of that progress, tardy though it may be.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CORPORATION.

The annual meeting of the Corporation of Brown University was held on Thursday.

AN ADDRESS.

THE LATE WM. L. STONE.

We announced the death of Col. Wm. L. Stone, immediately after its occurrence, but to this time have omitted to publish any sketch of his history. One who has so highly honored the profession of editor, and served so well his generation, deserves a more than ordinary tribute of respect from the press; and as the best we can do, we copy the following sketch of his life and labors from the columns of the *New York Evening Post*.

COL. WM. L. STONE.

Col. Wm. L. Stone has filled a wide space in the public mind, and has had great influence in forming public opinion. He was born in Orange county, in this State, and served his apprenticeship in the office of the *Farmer's Journal* at Cooperstown. During the war, 'end before he became of age, he contributed largely to the editorial of the *Advertiser*.

His habit of writing was begun early

and will not instruct the reader. The interest of the sermon was sustained to the close; and the truths presented were of the most heart-searching and impressive kind. As a mere literary performance it did not excel; as a practical gospel sermon it did. It reflected much credit on the author's intellectual power and attainments—indicated a well-disciplined and vigorous mind. In one or two instances, we feared that the good impression intended, would be counteracted by the excessive pungency and pointedness of the style. We do not think the character of the church, and the obligations of the Christians, were presented in a false or magnifying mirror; but we did feel, some of the time, that the *whole truth* was told at least. A severe literary critic would have excluded a few passages; a timid man, assiduous only to please, would have excluded many; and a lame man never could have written or uttered such thoughts in such language, whether he would or not. It is gratifying to find that we have so many strong men among our pastors; men in whom the mental energy is strengthened and directed by an enlightened and earnest piety.

COMMENCEMENT AT BROWN UNIVERSITY.

The literary exercises connected with the 75th annual Commencement of Brown University were observed in their usual order on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. They were well attended, and highly satisfactory to visitors and friends. The first exercise was the oration before the Alumni, Tuesday A. M. It was delivered by the Hon. Wm. T. Hunter, a venerable citizen of Providence, and was his first public performance after a long absence from his native State. We did not arrive at Providence in season to hear it, but the papers of that city, we observe, characterize it as "worthy of a Rhode Island statesman and scholar." That, of course, is praise enough. His theme was the *History of Religious Freedoms*. We should have known where to apply for an article worthy of that prize, which so few seem to covet. The *Providence Journal* has

notified us that the *Journal* has a *Prize* of \$1000 for the best article on the *History of Religious Freedoms*.

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Poetry.

For the Christian Reflector.

The Burial of Thomas Campbell in Westminster Abbey.

(The interment of this poet took place on the 3d of July, 1844, in the crypt of the Abbey called the "Poets' Corner.")

There came to the Abbey a funeral train,
The corse of a minister bearing,
Whom the hand of the spoiler, death, had slain,
While the laurel he yet was wearing.
His lyre was broken, his wreath was crushed,
And the flesh cold honest it,
As the tuneful lip of song was hushed,
Which had fondly loved to breathe it.
They came with a solemn step, and slow,
With an aspect mute and lowly,—
With a brow of grief and an eye of wo,
To the place of burial here.

They sped a grave in the chancel spot
Where the departed poets slumber,
Whose lyres are broken, but not forgot,
And they gave him to their number.
They laid him down by the side of those
Who are high in earthly glory,
With the dust of the mighty who repose
In the Abbey old and hallowed.
There monarchs lie; but they have no crown,
For their ghastly brawn's adorning;
Ab! little dreamt they, in their high renown,
The grave at the feet was yonder.
And gallant knights with the arms they bore,
And their rusted helms and crests they wore
On their sculptured tombs are lying.
Fond warriors sleep in the arms of fame,
With the lofty marble o'er them;
But what care they for their sounding name,
Or the world that thither bore them?
Hark! hark! for the tones of music float
Where the funeral train are kneeling,
And the echoes of many a requiem note
Are far through the dim aisle stealing.
O many a glorious arch they fill,
As the mourners rise to sever;
The souls of the living wildly thrill,
But the dead! they hear them never!
London. A. M. C. EDMOND.

The Slave's Marriage.

What God has joined together, let not man put asunder.
Mark 10:9.
O, do not those whom their God united!
Revere the mandate by the Saviour given;
'Twas in the holiest name their vows were plighted.
Sanctioned with prayer, and ratified in heaven.
What though their state be that of mere subjection,
To all thy pleasure, thy pride, thy law!
Yet in each lowly heart may pure affection
Still glow with joy the darkness of their bands.
Think not they feel the less, if hopeless sorrow
Shun the expression that can avail not;
Nor let thy conscience vain excuses borrow,
If pride or fear depress the wretched's soul.
How dare thou then; but His mandate holy,
In whose dread presence then and they shall stand,
Forbids thee then to trample on the lowly,
And warns thee of his own avenging hand.
They slave and thou are, as He made ye, brothers;
And when earth's vain distinctions cease to be,
If thou hast shown no mercy unto others,
What mercy can the Righteous mete to thee?
Then spare; and if on earth with power invested,
Expand thy heart to thy heavenly claim;
From anger's hand the scourge by love is wrested,
And let the freed slave bless thy generous name.

The Family Circle.

For the Christian Reflector.

Christian Hospitality.

In the town of G——, at a little distance from the meeting house, in the outskirts of the little village, stands a low farm house. It is one of the oldest in the village, and the owner and his wife are among the oldest inhabitants in the town. They are both members of the Baptist church, and he is an officer in the church. Here came, and lived, and labored, and died, the father of the present owner; and at a little distance from the dwelling which sheltered him in life, is the grove which holds in sacred trust the remains of this departed servant of God. He died in hope of the resurrection.

Many a messenger who has been abroad on the King's business, has here found for the heat of mid-day, or for the night, a most welcome home. For more than forty years it has been open by day and by night for the reception and entertainment of Christian ministers and others who have had occasion to pass from one portion of Zion to another. One of the first things that impress you on entering the door, is the cordial manner with which you are received. The family are not attentive and polite by the rules of modern etiquette, but by the promptings of Christian affection. Your rapping without is soon responded to within, and you feel assured from the moment you enter, that you may be as much at home here as by your own distant fireside. Both parents and children unite in their efforts to make you forget that you are a stranger; and so successful are they in these efforts, so perfectly do they throw over the weary traveller this charm, that he soon forgets that this, perhaps, is the first night he has ever spent under their hospitable roof, and almost instantly and instinctively sits down by their fire and at their table, as one who had long been a member of this little domestic circle. Every thing is attended to without apology, as if you understood all their domestic habits and arrangements. No extra dishes are put upon the table, no change takes place in the articles of food; all things are the same they would have been, had you not been there. The family will not by such deviations unintentionally remind you that you are a stranger.

Then they know all your friends. I have said, that for more than forty years, this house has been open for the entertainment of Christians. The student, preparing for the ministry, in passing to and from his place of study, has called here and taken his dinner, or spent the night. Pastors, in passing to and from public meetings, have done the same. Agents, in gathering up the charities of the churches, have all here found a home; and many a missionary, now toiling in distant and desolate parts of our own land, or in foreign lands, has here found a quiet resting place, for a few days, in the bosom of this amiable family. These have all been there before you, and their names are still remembered with affection, and their labors are traced with interest, as from time to time they appear in religious journals; and who does not feel himself acquainted with those who know so well the names, characters, and labors of his most intimate friends?

Thus have this family lived from youth to age, industrious, frugal, and hospitable. Their wealth has always been small. For years, a light incumbrance has been upon their estate. For years, they have looked a humble dwelling which has stood so long, and talked of a better one. Age has stolen upon them almost unobserved, and increasing infirmities have admonished them that the time is near, when they can no longer depend upon the labor of their hands for their support. Notwithstanding all this, go there and you will receive a most hearty welcome. If you have ever been there before, pass them without calling, and you will inflict a wound upon their feelings. Although what they have given has been large in the aggregate, yet it has appeared upon the records of no benevolent society; it has been little thought of, among men. Sometimes, perhaps, others, less liberal, have wondered, how they themselves could live, with such a constant flood of company. Yet as they have given, it has been given to them again. The barrel of meal has not wasted, neither has the cruise of oil failed.

It was my happiness to spend a day or two with this excellent family; to sit at their table, and kneel beside their altar; and the impression which their kindness made upon my mind, will not easily be effaced. In parting with them, one or two important reflections rested upon my mind; one was, the rich specimens of character, which Christianity furnishes. The appearance of many who profess to have been under its influence, may not indicate any change which it has wrought in their lives. But there are some, in whose conduct and deportment this change becomes apparent even to the enemies of Christianity. These are not found alone in the higher walks of life, where from the eminence of the individual, every change is immediately observed, and whose eminent piety too often falls under suspicion, and is imputed to selfish and sordid motives. But its influence and power is often seen, to the best advantage, in the lives of those unknown to fame. Removed far from public gaze, and expecting no reward in this life, they devote all they have to feed and clothe, to comfort and bless those for whom Christ died. Where else can such charity, such kindness, such love be found? Has philosophy, has Mohammedanism, has Buddhism, has infidelity ever produced such lovely specimens of character? specimens which all are compelled to admire? And yet, not a few have spoken of that very system, whose superstition, and would gladly have exterminated it from the earth. O, the infatuation of man. 'Madness is in his heart.'

Again, the path to eminence, in either the church militant or triumphant, is not always the one which leads directly to some elevated station, or prominent office. He, that would be remembered with gratitude, he, who would occupy a large place in the affections of the people of God, he, who would wear a crown of uncommon brilliancy among the redeemed above, must live not unto himself, but unto him who hath loved us, and given himself for us. Who that has turned his horse to the gate of such a disciple, wearied with his journey, and perplexed with his labors, after, perhaps, a long absence from those he loves, who has spent a few hours only, in the midst of such a pious circle, without ever afterwards assigning their names a hallowed place in his recollections?

I have described a single family; but to the honor of Christianity, there are many such. They are found wherever the Christian religion has been permitted to bear its fruit; and none more powerfully recommend it to the world than they. None fill a more important sphere of usefulness, and for none is there in reserve a more glorious reward. S. B. Hamilton, N. Y.

The Wife of President Dwight.

Mrs. Dwight, and her manner of proceeding in the education of her children, have perfectly been admired by the reader; but no wonder that she was such a woman, being the daughter of such a father—Jonathan Edwards of America; a man who entertained the finest sentiments respecting family order and government, the man who said on one occasion,—"We have had great disputes; but the due regulation of your families is of no less, and in some respects, of much greater importance. Every Christian family ought to be as it were a little church, consecrated to Christ, and wholly influenced and governed by his rules. Family education and order are some of the chief of the means of grace. If these fail, all other means are likely to prove ineffectual; if these are duly maintained, all the means of grace will be likely to prosper and be successful. Let me now, therefore, once more repeat the counsel which I often urged on the heads of families, to great painfulness in teaching, warning, and directing their children; bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; beginning early where there is yet opportunity; and maintaining a constant diligence in labors of this kind. Remember, that as ye would not have all your instructions and counsels ineffectual, there must be government as well as instructions, which must be maintained with an even hand and steady resolution, as a guard to the religion and morals of the family, and the support of

its good order. Take heed that it be not with any of you as it was with Eli of old, who reproved his children, but restrained them not; and that by this means you do not bring the curse on your families that he did on his.

"And let children obey their parents, and yield to their instructions, and submit to their orders, as they would inherit a blessing and not a curse; for we have reason to think, from many things in the word of God, that nothing has a greater tendency to bring a curse on persons in this world, and on all their temporal concerns, than an undutiful, un submissive, disorderly behavior in children towards their parents."

Moralist and Miscellanist.

For the Christian Reflector.

Peace.

MORE TESTIMONY FROM MISSIONARIES.

I have quoted from a representative of Congregationalists and Presbyterians in the person of Hall; and now I will appeal to a worthy and noble representative of the Baptists, the venerable Judson, the apostle of Burma.

"RANGOON, May 9, 1821.

To the Rev. Noah Worcester.

Rev. Sir: Several numbers of the *Friend of Peace* have found their way to these remote regions, and excited sentiments in my mind which were once fondly cherished while in my native country, but, in consequence of engrossment in other pursuits, and in the want of some exciting cause, have been suffered too long to lie dormant. *I hail the establishment of peace societies as one of the most auspicious signs of the present eventful era of the world.* I regard them as combining with the Bible and Missionary societies, to form that three-fold cord which will ultimately bind all the families of man in universal peace and love.

The principles advocated in the *Friend of Peace*, are so evidently correct, (I,) that the understanding and the heart cannot help according with them at first blush. I am not, however, satisfied with merely perusing the simple propositions, nor assenting to their correctness. I love to follow out the detail of reasoning in all its various branches and rich applications. I love to prolong the feast of the intellect and heart by tasting of every successive dish. (2.) Nor yet am I satisfied with the impression which their kindness made upon my mind, will not easily be effaced. In parting with them, one or two important reflections rested upon my mind; one was, the rich specimens of character, which Christianity furnishes. The appearance of many who profess to have been under its influence, may not indicate any change which it has wrought in their lives. But there are some, in whose conduct and deportment this change becomes apparent even to the enemies of Christianity. These are not found alone in the higher walks of life, where from the eminence of the individual, every change is immediately observed, and whose eminent piety too often falls under suspicion, and is imputed to selfish and sordid motives. But its influence and power is often seen, to the best advantage, in the lives of those unknown to fame. Removed far from public gaze, and expecting no reward in this life, they devote all they have to feed and clothe, to comfort and bless those for whom Christ died. Where else can such charity, such kindness, such love be found? Has philosophy, has Mohammedanism, has Buddhism, has infidelity ever produced such lovely specimens of character? specimens which all are compelled to admire? And yet, not a few have spoken of that very system, whose superstition, and would gladly have exterminated it from the earth. O, the infatuation of man. 'Madness is in his heart.'

These things set *Hopeful* upon an effort to amend his life; for otherwise, thought he, I am sure to be damned. So he betook himself to praying, reading, weeping for sin, speaking the truth to his neighbors, and many other things, and thus, for a little season, succeeded in hailing and satisfying conscience. But again his difficulties were renewed, and his trouble came tumbling upon him, and that over the neck of all his reformation. Such sentences as these sounded in his ears; By the works of the law shall no man be justified; and He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all. Moreover, Hopeful found that no present reformation would wipe off the score of past sins, and indeed he could get no relief but in death. These things set *Hopeful* upon an effort to amend his life; for otherwise, thought he, I am sure to be damned. So he betook himself to praying, reading, weeping for sin, speaking the truth to his neighbors, and many other things, and thus, for a little season, succeeded in hailing and satisfying conscience. But again his difficulties were renewed, and his trouble came tumbling upon him, and that over the neck of all his reformation. Such sentences as these sounded in his ears; By the works of the law shall no man be justified; and He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all. Moreover, Hopeful found that no present reformation would wipe off the score of past sins, and indeed he could get no relief but in death.

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